

# Help Me Make the Most of (You) and of Pleasure

*Because It's You and Me,  
and (No Other) People - II*

HunterByDayWhovianByNi  
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## Help Me Make the Most of (You) and of Pleasure by HunterByDayWhovianByNight

**Series:** [Because It's You and Me, and \(No Other\) People \[2\]](#)

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**Summary:**

“I feel a thrill of excitement at this first tiny glimpse of self-revelation, of intimacy.” - J.P. Delaney

A journey, a mapping, even, of each other.

TITLE EDIT: Originally was "There's a (Neediness) That's Just Coursing Right Through Me"

## Help Me Make the Most of (You) and of Pleasure

### Author's Note:

Ayeee everyone! Enjoy this work. I saw IT twice and loved it so much. Might write more for this fandom if I get some more ideas. Bill (Jaeden Lieberher) was... so cute. Also, in other news, I saw Hamilton AND Green Day this past Saturday, and I was struck with inspiration for my longform Modern American Political AU for Hamilton, "Risky Business" so I'll be posting more of that soon. Title is from "Everybody Wants To Rule The World" by Tears for Fears.

~Hunter

“Y...y...you know I...I...I like you, right?” Bill says to Richie one night as they lay in Bill’s bed, under the covers, inches away from each other. The thought has been eating at Bill for longer than he can remember, and now with Bev gone and Richie’s statement in the sewer about having to save him, Bill only thought about Richie more. He saw him as more than a friend or a brother, but he didn't want to say anything. Henry and his buddies already called him a faggot; he didn't want to be called that by his best friend, too.

Bill doesn't know why he tells Richie that he likes him. Part of him hopes that they can just move on and be friends, that telling him will alleviate the pain he feels every time he thinks about Richie. The other part of him hopes that Richie will somehow like him back and that they can fool around and be something. Under the radar, at least. Bill turns his head and looks at Richie in the darkness.

“You do?” Richie says in an excited and inquiring voice. His stomach feels all warm and he smiles. Bill, *perfect, pretty Bill*, with his clean-cut hair. His eyes: big, inquiring, and blue. His tall and lanky form. His nice hands. His pink lips. His stutter.

“Y...yeah. Of c...c...c...course I do,” Bill huffs in amusement. He fists the sheets in his hands nervously to steady himself and worries his lower lip with his teeth. Richie's eyes meet his and soon, in the pale

moonlight, they're looking at each other.

"Y...y...you don't think I'm some f...f...f...faggot?" Bill asked, heart hammering in his chest. That last word is hard for him to say out loud.

"Of course not! You're my friend," Richie pauses and takes a deep breath. He wants to tell Bill he likes him, too, but can't seem to get his words out. Is this how Bill feels when his stutter gets the best of him and he can't even say some words? With his tongue heavy in his mouth, Richie says, "I like you, too. I..." He trails off and can't bear to finish his sentence, can't bear to say he wants Bill so badly. Liking your friend and wanting your friend are two different things, and Richie isn't sure he wants- *is able to say*, he corrects himself- the latter to Bill.

Bill's heart stops. Richie, annoying and talkative but sweet and lovable Richie, likes him back. It's impossible, in Bill's mind, since all he jokes and talks about is girls, but Richie is here, right now, telling him that he likes him back. In all honesty, Bill feels dumb for not recognizing that Richie may have been compensating by making all of those jokes about being with girls. The thought is swiftly brushed away when Bill realizes that Richie wants to say something else.

"You what?" Bill prompts Richie. He places his hand over Richie's and feels him tense in surprise. Richie's surprised his heart doesn't jump out of his chest right then and there. "Y...you can t...t...tell me, R...R...Richie."

"I want you so badly," Richie mumbles and blushes, hiding below the blankets to shield himself from Bill's eyes. Richie's words send heat straight to Bill's abdomen and he feels a rush of arousal go through his limbs and to his groin.

"How w...would you w...w...want me?" Bill asks, inching closer to Richie and lifting the blanket off his head. When he pulls it back, he can hear Richie's heart racing and breath hitching in the silent room.

Richie froze. He suddenly had no idea of what to say; he had thought of Bill on his mouth, *in* his mouth a few times. Once, he'd even gotten off to the thought of Bill actually taking him, all sweet and gentle and

soft words; he'd never came harder. Does he really want to tell sweet, innocent Bill about all the ways he'd imagined them together?

"R...R...Richie?" Bill prays that Richie wasn't having second thoughts or regrets about this situation.

"I want... God, I don't want you to fucking judge me," Richie says, burying himself under the covers. "It's nothing bad, I just don't think you want to hear me say it."

"J...j...just t...tell me, I w...w...won't judge you," Bill says, trying to make his words sound sincere. "Honest."

"I want to..." Richie takes a deep breath to steady himself, "I want to suck you off, Bill." He looks right into Bill's eyes, waiting for some kind of a response or cue from the other boy. He sees the wheels turning in Bill's head as he comprehends what Richie just said.

"Y...you want t...t...to suck m...me off?" Bill repeats, thinking that this is all some joke, that his mind is playing a trick on him. He moves closer to Richie and says, "Really?" with an intrigued tone.

"Yeah, I've thought about it a few times," Richie says, blushing furiously. He realizes that Bill has gotten closer to him, and he bridges the gap between them so that their bodies are touching and their legs entwined. Bill's feet are cold against Richie's legs and they send shivers up Richie's spine.

"Sssso if I...I...I asked y...y...you to do it...t...t now, y...y...you w...w...would?" Bill asks, interest piqued and arousal growing. He can feel himself growing hard in his briefs. He wants Richie's mouth that *never stops* to be stopped for once.

"Yes," Richie squeaks out. A beat passes in silence as the boys stare at each other. "Do you want me to?"

"Yes," Bill nods and his mind reels in anticipation at the promise. A wave of relief goes through every part of Richie's body; he's getting hard just thinking about sucking Bill off.

"C...c...can I kiss you?" Bill asks to the darkness. He faintly sees Richie nod. Before he knows it, Bill is taking the back of Richie's head

and slowly leaning in to kiss the other boy. Richie's eyes shut and he lets himself be kissed. At first, it's just a pressing of their lips- chaste, gentle. But then Bill moves his mouth like he's *done* this before and suddenly Richie feels fluttery, like there's birds in his stomach and chest. He, too, moves his lips and feels Bill grip his shirt tighter. Their lips are pressed close, barely even moving, for a few more moments before Bill breaks away.

"That was my first kiss," Richie admits when they pull apart. His face is red and hot; his heart is pounding. Bill looks at him, shocked.

"Sssso you're telling me that i...it's all t.t...talk?" Bill says with a faux-offended grin, his voice dripping in sarcasm. It makes Richie smile, and the two boys laugh with each other for a few moments until the moment has passed.

"Can we kiss again?" Richie asks, wanting to feel the press of Bill's lips on his once again. He fingers the hem of Richie's worn baseball tee as he waits for a response.

"Y...yes," Bill says, this time letting Richie have some control. Richie leans in, pressing his nose to Bill's and staying there for a moment before kissing him. He moves his lips like Bill did the first time, and he timidly puts his hands onto Bill's shoulders. With a gentle push, Richie presses Bill's back to the bed and Bill knows *exactly* where this is going. Bill puts his hands firmly on Richie's slim waist, still kissing him. Richie's hand travels down Bill's chest and pulls up his shirt so that he can feel the hot skin below his hand. Bill gasps when Richie pulls away from the kiss and begins to kiss his neck.

"Want me to leave you a hickey?" Richie asks as a joke, smiling against Bill's neck.

"Please?" Bill begs, voice needy and breathless. It takes Richie by surprise at first to hear Bill like that, but he leans in and kisses over Bill's pulse, gently at first, before pressing his mouth down hard and *sucking*. He feels the skin loosen and the capillaries burst beneath his mouth. The sensation makes Bill shiver and whine with need in the back of his throat. He grips tightly onto Richie's t-shirt until Richie pulls away and he admires his work in the faint light. The spot is tender and Bill can feel its dull pain each time he takes a breath.

"You still want me to suck you off?" Richie asks, palming Bill's crotch over his briefs. Bill sucks in a breath at the direct contact and he feels so close already. The few times he had masturbated before, it usually took a long time for him to even *feel* something; he never felt as if he would come on the spot.

"Y...yes, w...w...want it...t...t, R...R...Richie," Bill stammers, his stutter worse than had been all night; it gets worse when he's nervous or worked up, and he's frustrated that his stutter makes him unable to say what he wants with confidence.

"Just lay back," Richie says, running a soothing hand down Bill's side. "Relax." That "relax" is more for himself than Bill; this is most likely Bill's first sexual *anything* and Richie doesn't want to mess it up for either of them.

Richie pushes up Bill's shirt more to reveal his pale white chest, unmusclcd and unblemished. His nipples are pink and pert. Bill unconsciously spreads his legs for Richie, and he feels fairly exposed in front of the other boy. He faintly feels Richie kiss down his chest, on spots he didn't even know were sensitive, and he shivers when Richie nips below his belly button, right above the waist of his underwear.

For the first time all night, Richie is nervous. His fingers are below the waist of Bill's underwear, ready to pull them off, but all he can do is stare at the bulge in Bill's briefs, unsure about how he'll take him all in. Richie licks his lips, and with Bill's help, pulls down the other boy's underwear, watching as his dick juts out from his body and curves towards his stomach. He's a little surprised at how big Bill is, but then again, Bill wasn't one to talk about those kinds of things. Richie takes Bill's dick in his hand and experimentally strokes, which makes Bill gasp in surprise. Richie looks up at Bill for a moment, and sees him splayed out and worked up, his shirt rumpled and up below his arms, his eyes screwed shut and his kiss-swollen lips parted.

With all of his courage, Richie licks the head of Bill's dick and takes it into his mouth. Bill cries out above him, reacting to this sensation he's never felt before but wants more of, *now*. Richie figures he's doing something right, and sucks on the head before lowering the slightest bit down, trying to fit more of it into his mouth. It's warm in

his mouth, heavy on his tongue; it's a bit strange, but not wholly unsatisfying. He squeezes his hand and sucks down again, hearing Bill sigh and moan, and it's enough to make this all worth it.

"Oh my god," Bill moans, threading his fingers through Richie's long hair as the other boy bobs his head and sucks more. The feeling of Richie's warm and wet mouth on his dick is overwhelming, but Bill still tries to keep his hips down. Richie tries to take more of Bill's dick into his mouth, but he gags and has to pull off so he can breathe. Both boys are panting and Richie has to cough, but he's eager to take Bill again. Richie once again lowers his head and licks up the underside and on the head of Bill's dick over and over again, trying to bring him close. Bill's chest is heaving and he feels bliss as he finally comes, pleasure pumping through his whole lower body to his fingertips. His head rolls to the side against the pillows and his eyes flutter shut. The come painting his stomach is sticky and tacky now. Some of it's on Richie's lips and hand. Bill's eyes finally open and he sees Richie sitting up next to him on the bed, watching him intently.

"Th...th...that felt r...r...really nice," Bill confesses, sitting up so that he is eye level with Richie. "Th...th...thank you." He doesn't know what else to say; he doesn't know how one would even respond after something like this.

"It's my pleasure, Billy," Richie said matter-of-factly, a shit-eating grin on his face. He looked very proud of himself, Bill thought, for bringing the normally stoic Bill down with just his mouth.

"D...do you n...n...need me to take care of y...you, too?" Bill asks, moving closer towards Richie and drifting his fingertips over Richie's crotch.

"If you want to," Richie says, heart in his throat as Bill pulls down his briefs.

"G...get closer t...t...to me," Bill prompts. Richie scoots forward a few inches so that their knees are touching. Bill leans in to kiss Richie and at the same time, he wraps his hand around Richie's dick, which must be painfully hard at this point. Richie gasps for air as he feels Bill's hand on him, and he continues his and Bill's fumbling kiss. Richie can tell Bill doesn't masturbate often; his hand is unsure and



the pacing isn't spot-on. Richie helps him, puts his own hand over Bill's and moves it at the pace he likes, the one that sends him over the edge at the right time. Bill likes the feeling of Richie in his hand, hard and warm, and he thinks to himself that he could get used to this.

Richie leans his forehead against Bill's as he gets closer. His breaths are ragged and the tension building up in his lower body is a reminder that he's about to come. He moves his and Bill's hands faster and faster until Richie spills into their hands, a hot and sticky mess.

"God, that felt good," Richie says as he slumps into Bill's shoulder. Bill weakly smiles, still reeling from his own orgasm, and rests his head on the top of Richie's. They breathe in tandem as they let their bodies come back to the ground and as their limbs grow heavy with exhaustion. Richie lifts his head up and looks right into Bill's eyes. Bill presses one last kiss onto Richie's lips and when he pulls away, Richie feels his lips get all tingly. They stare at one another, soft light from the outside filtering in through the windows helping them see. There's silence, save the owls and crickets outside, but both boys find that they don't need to say anything else- they already know that the other loves them.

#### **Author's Note:**

please comment on my story I need it to live

~Hunter